Twilight and Port Canaveral

darkens as pelicans haunt
for fish bits shoved by

flashing gutters,
their knives. I

drink a Bud mid shy generic
birds tracing crumbs off
my rye crackers, and honey-

mooners enwrapped like green-
er deities of myth. Crow enters,
flaunting iridescence, splits

our scene for sea lights
to float in, lift-

ing all of us, just so,
to afterglow.